MARVEL®
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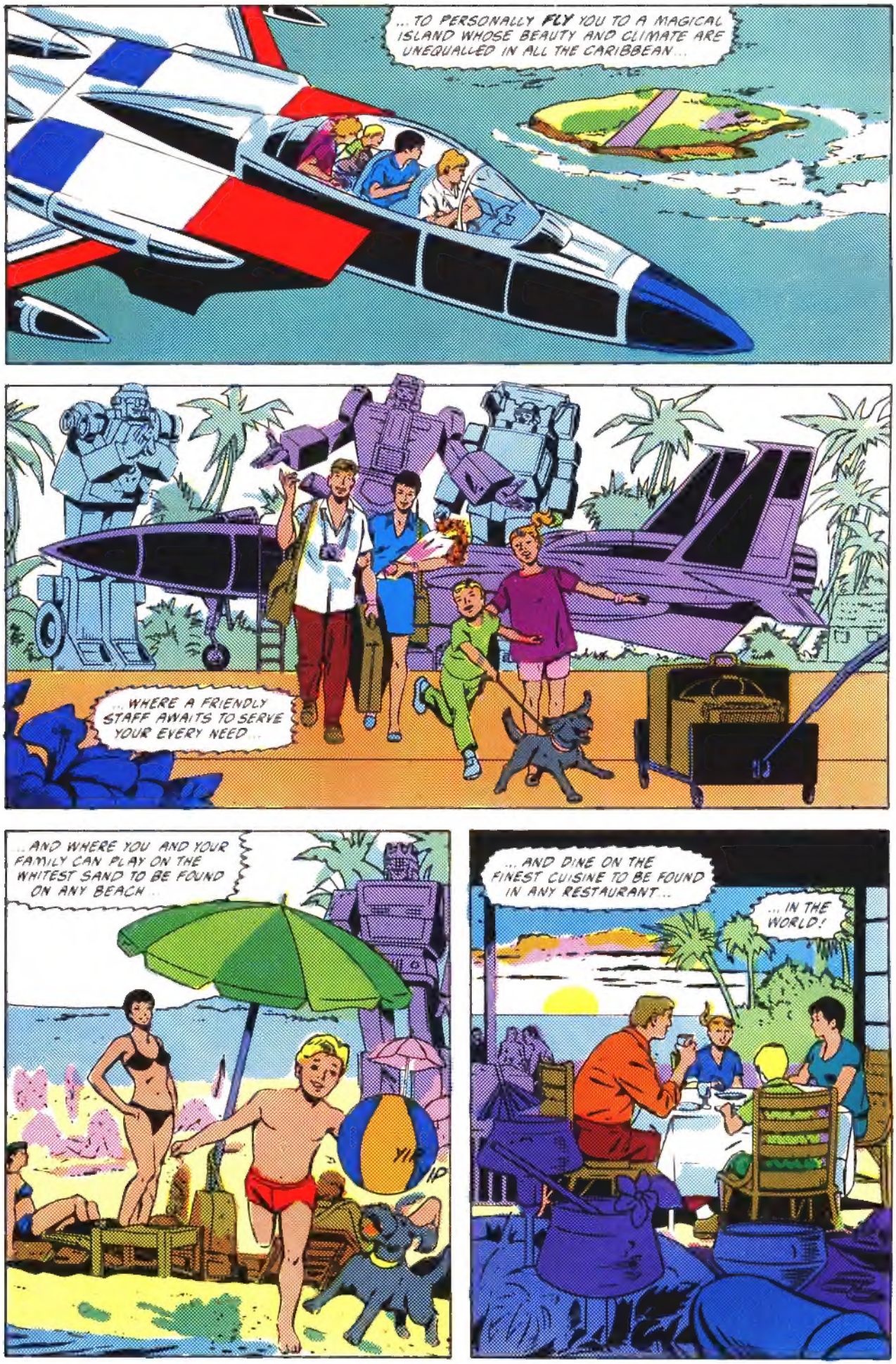
THE TRANSFORMERS™ and ACTION FORCE™

THE SEACONS ARE BACK!

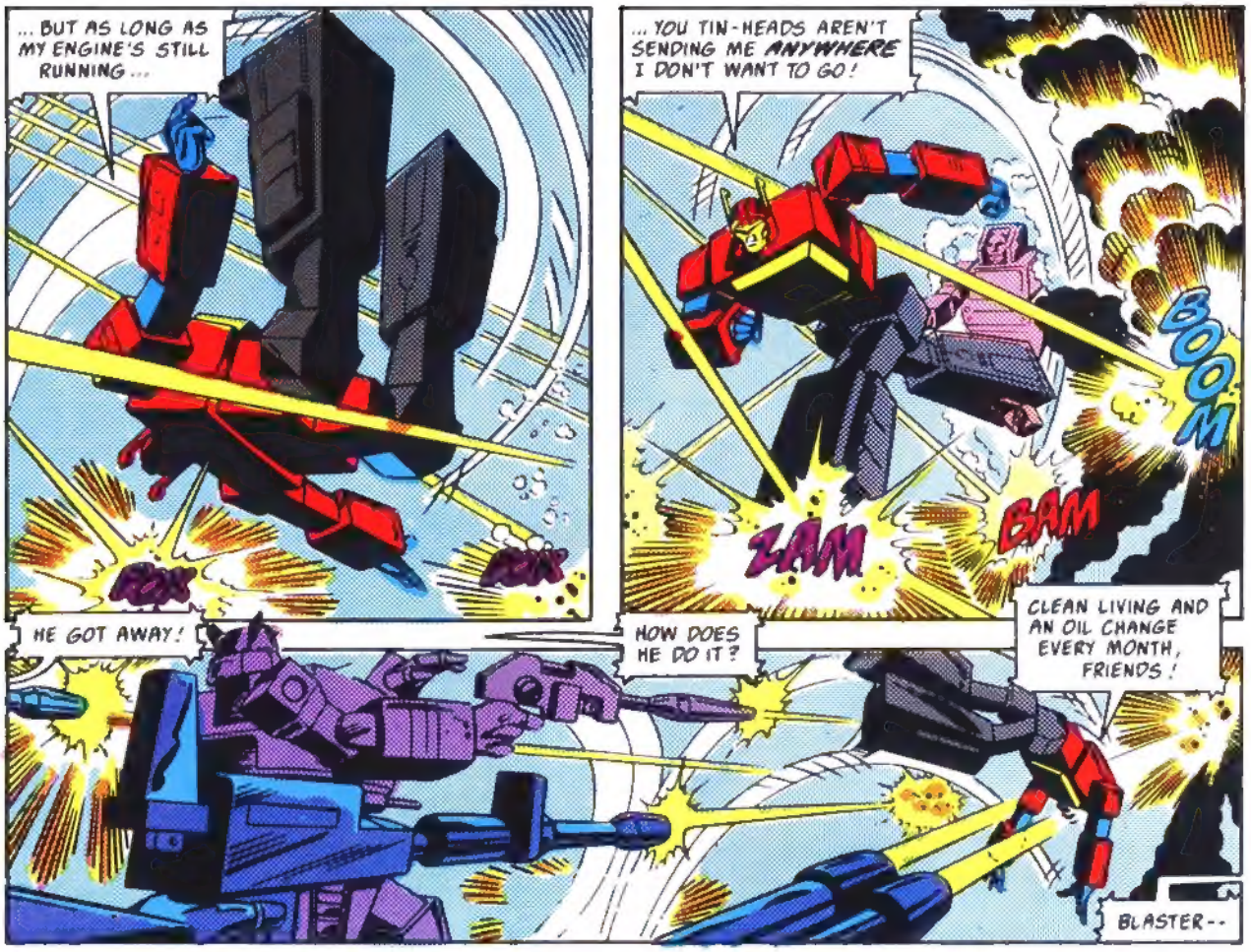
TRANSFORMERS™

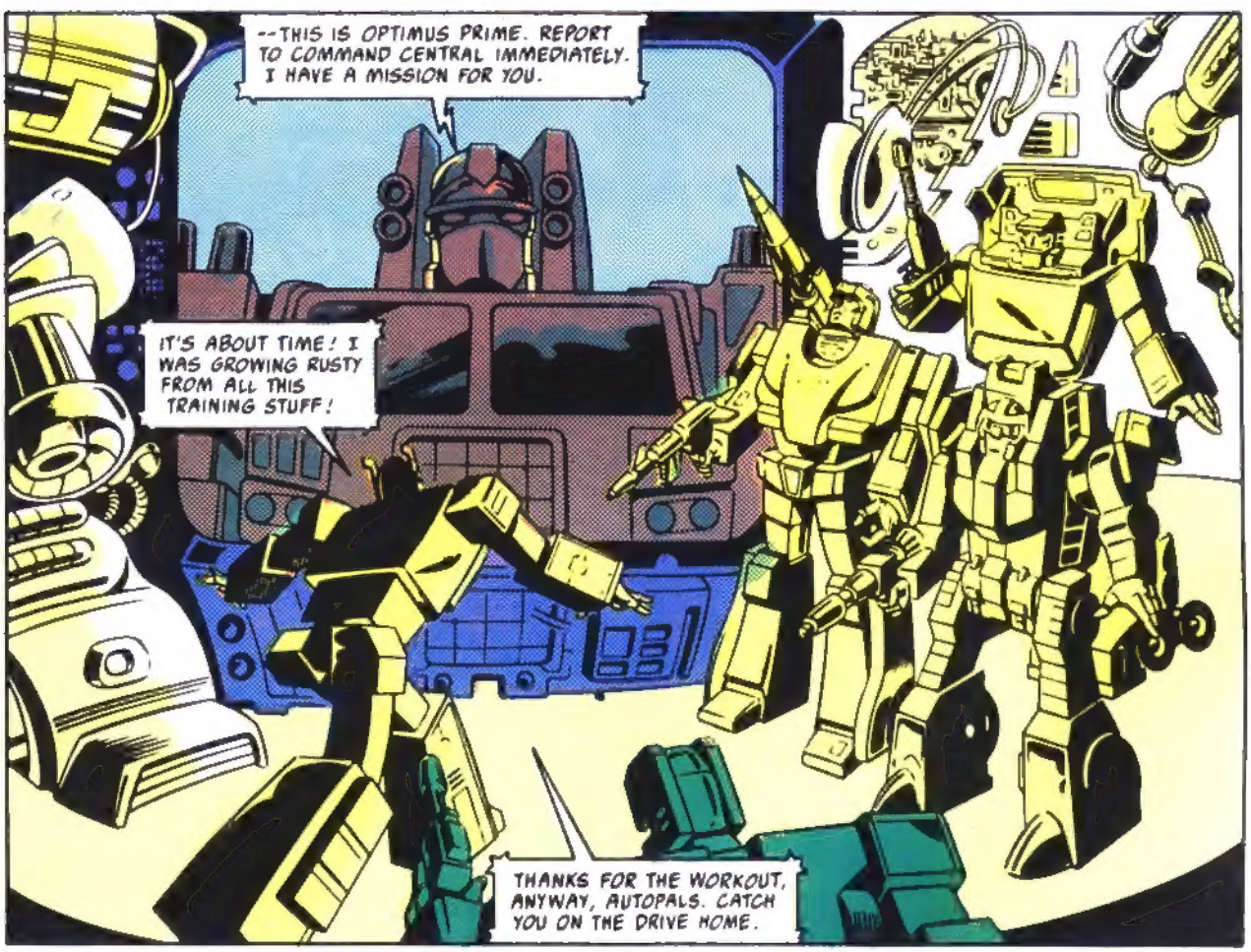
HI, I'M STARSCREAM. FLY ME!
YOUR JOURNEY TO PARADISE BEGINS THE MOMENT ONE OF OUR EXPERT TRAVEL AGENTS ARRIVES AT YOUR DOORSTEP...
Club Con!

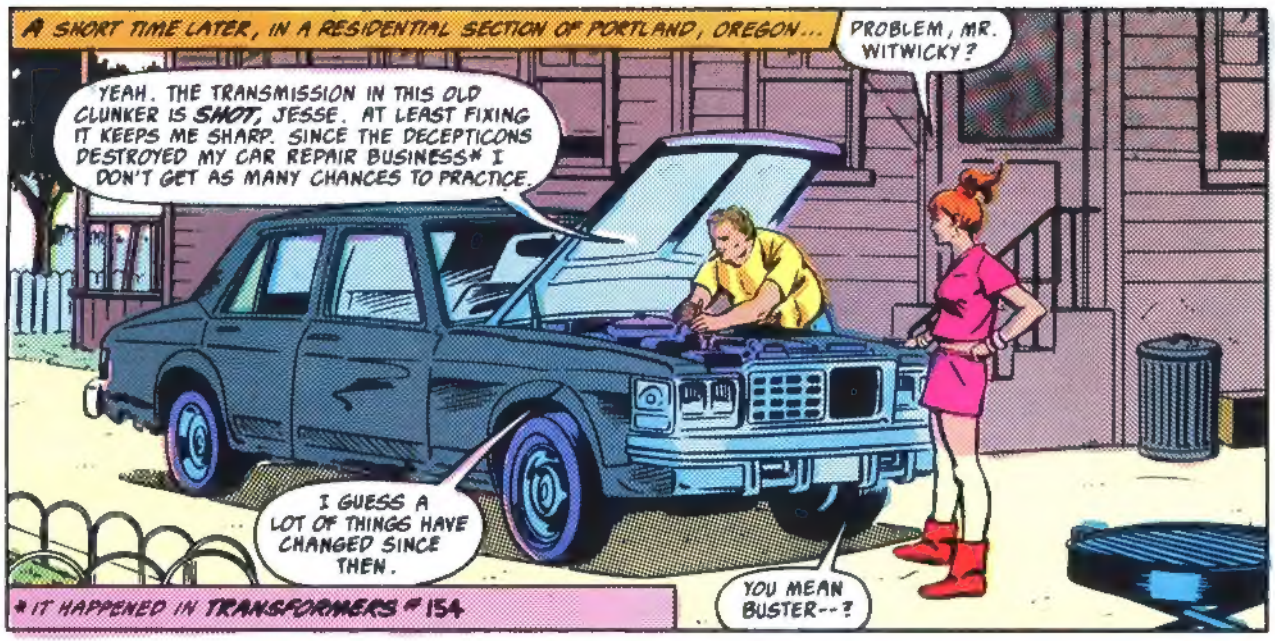
Script BOB BUDIANSKY ■ Pencils JOSE DELBO ■ Inks DAVE HUNT ■ Letters BILL OAKLEY ■ Colour NEL YOMTOV


...TO PERSONALLY FLY YOU TO A MAGICAL ISLAND WHOSE BEAUTY AND CLIMATE ARE UNEQUALLED IN ALL THE CARIBBEAN...
...WHERE A FRIENDLY STAFF AWAITS TO SERVE YOUR EVERY NEED...
...AND WHERE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY CAN PLAY ON THE WHITEST SAND TO BE FOUND ON ANY BEACH...
YIP
...AND DINE ON THE FINEST CUISINE TO BE FOUND IN ANY RESTAURANT...
...IN THE WORLD!

ABOARD THE ARK, THE SPACECRAFT HEADQUARTERS OF THE AUTOBOTS THAT ORBITS THE EARTH...
COME TO CLUB CON! CLUB CON, WHERE YOUR VACATION DREAMS COME TRUE!
THE DECEPTICONS HAVE TURNED THEIR ISLAND BASE INTO A RESORT FOR HUMANS AND ARE ADVERTISING IT ON TV?! THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE, OPTIMUS PRIME!
UNLIKELY, FORTRESS MAXIMUS, BUT NOT UNBELIEVABLE. NO DOUBT OUR FOES ARE DOING ALL THIS TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM THEIR LATEST EVIL SCHEME.
ME THINK ISLAND SEEM LIKE NICE PLACE TO VISIT.
SHH, GRIMLOCK --THERE'S MORE...
...AND WHEN YOU ARRIVE, SAY THE KING SENT FOR YOU!
...FOR RESERVATIONS CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-555-2000...
THAT IS BUSTER WITWICKY-- MY BROTHER!
MORE ACCURATELY, HE IS THE BROTHER OF SPIKE WITWICKY, YOUR HUMAN COMPONENT, TO WHOM YOU ARE BINARY BONDED.
WE MUST IMMEDIATELY GO AND RESCUE HIM!
GOODY-GOODY! GRIMLOCK WANT TO BASH DECEPTICONS!
NO, WE MUSTN'T DO ANYTHING TO ENDANGER THE ISLAND'S HUMAN VISITORS. WE MUST FIND A WAY TO DETERMINE THE DECEPTICONS' PLANS WITHOUT REVEALING OURSELVES--
"-- AND I KNOW JUST THE AUTOBOT FOR THE JOB."
WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, BLASTER!
YOU'RE HEADING FOR SCRAPYARD CITY!
BA WHOOM
I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU...


... BUT AS LONG AS MY ENGINE'S STILL RUNNING ...
... YOU TIN-HEADS AREN'T SENDING ME ANYWHERE I DON'T WANT TO GO!
BOOM
ZAM
BAM
FOK
FOK
HE GOT AWAY!
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
CLEAN LIVING AND AN OIL CHANGE EVERY MONTH, FRIENDS!
BLASTER--


--THIS IS OPTIMUS PRIME. REPORT TO COMMAND CENTRAL IMMEDIATELY. I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU.
IT'S ABOUT TIME! I WAS GROWING RUSTY FROM ALL THIS TRAINING STUFF!
THANKS FOR THE WORKOUT, ANYWAY, AUTOPALS. CATCH YOU ON THE DRIVE HOME.


A SHORT TIME LATER, IN A RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF PORTLAND, OREGON...
PROBLEM, MR. WITWICKY?
YEAH. THE TRANSMISSION IN THIS OLD CLUNKER IS SHOT, JESSE. AT LEAST FIXING IT KEEPS ME SHARP. SINCE THE DECEPTICONS DESTROYED MY CAR REPAIR BUSINESS* I DON'T GET AS MANY CHANCES TO PRACTICE.
I GUESS A LOT OF THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEN.
YOU MEAN BUSTER--?
* IT HAPPENED IN TRANSFORMERS #154

HE DISAPPEARED JUST AROUND THE SAME TIME. I KNOW MY OTHER SON SPIKE HAS SEEN HIM, BUT BUSTER IS STILL A PRISONER OF THE DECEPTICONS.
AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT HIM BY CALLING THE PHONE NUMBER ON THOSE TV ADS?
I'VE TRIED. HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP FROM HIM. NOTHING.
I'M SORRY, MR. WITWICKY. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...
I KNOW YOU AND BUSTER WERE GOOD FRIENDS, BUT--

VREEE--
--HUNT!

MMOOO

SSKRKKK

POP
SPARKPLUG WITWICKY, I AM BLASTER. MY COMMANDER, OPTIMUS PRIME, SUGGESTED I DROP IN ON YOU.
HE THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP EACH OTHER-- YOU SNEAK ME ONTO THE DECEPTICONS' ISLAND AND I FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE REALLY UP TO--
--AND MAYBE RESCUE YOUR SON IN THE BARGAIN!
YOU AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE FOR MY FAMILY AND ME EVER SINCE THE FIRST TIME ONE OF YOU ROLLED INTO MY GARAGE!*
I SWORE I'D NEVER HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU GUYS AGAIN...
*SEE TRANSFORMERS #2!
...BUT I'D SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL TO GET BUSTER BACK.
SURE... I'LL TAKE YOU TO THAT ISLAND.
BUT, MR WITWICKY-- THAT RESORT IS GEARED FOR, UH, YOUNGER FOLKS.
SOMEONE AS... ER... MATURE AS YOU MIGHT ATTRACT UNDUE ATTENTION.
LET ME TAKE BLASTER THERE.
NO, JESSE, I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO--
SURE YOU CAN. JUST THINK-- AFTER WE BRING BUSTER BACK, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME COMING AROUND SO OFTEN AND ANNOYING YOU.
BUT I CAN'T LET YOU--
I PROMISE TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.
YOU SURE?
I'LL JUST WORK ON MY TAN.
DON'T GET SUNBURNED, OKAY?
IT'S A DEAL, MR. WITWICKY.

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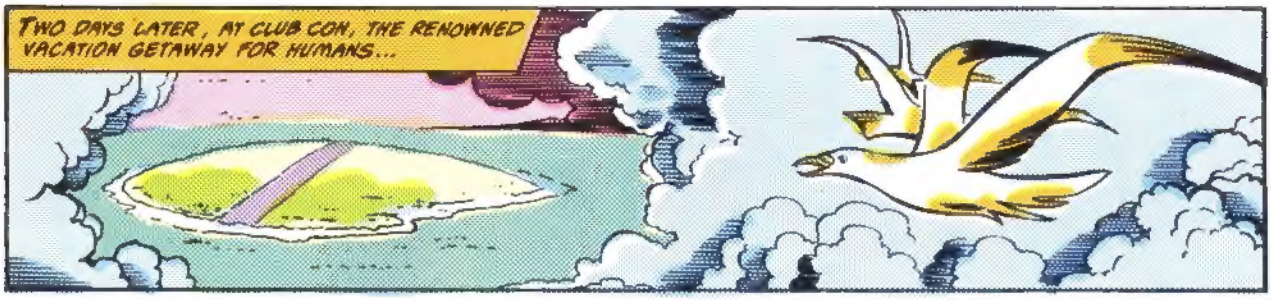
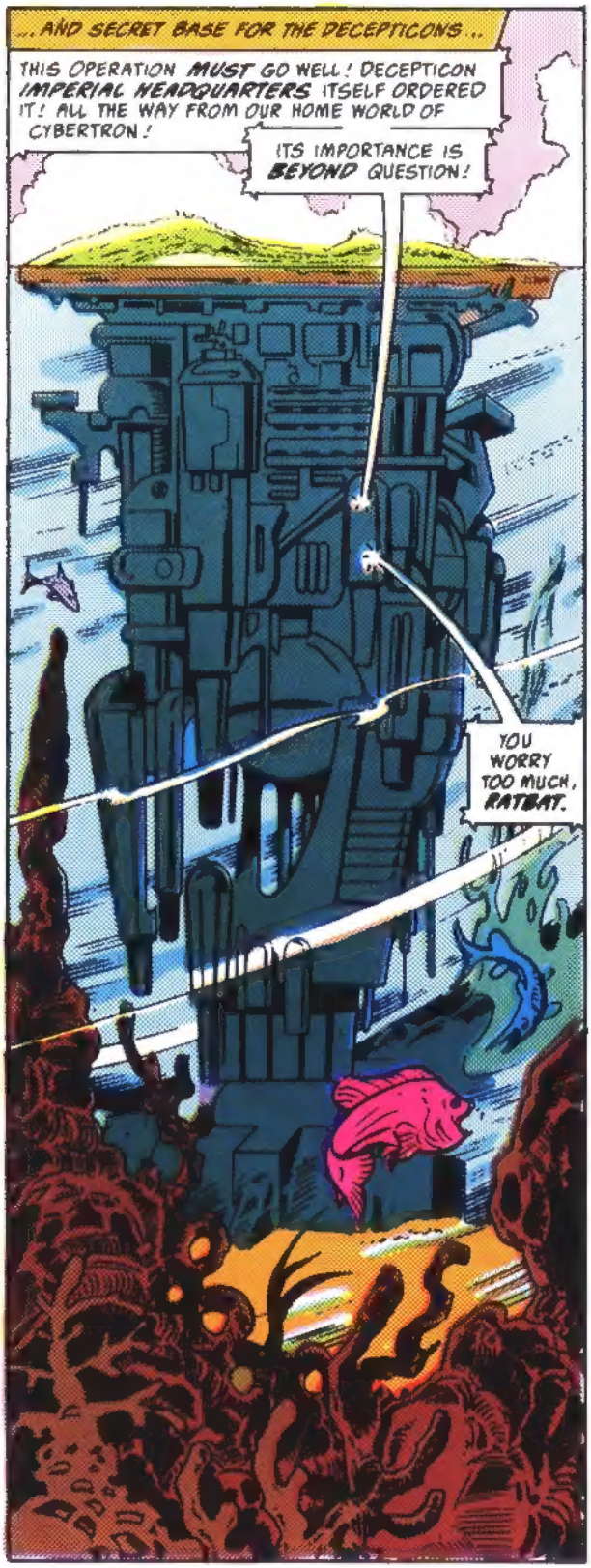
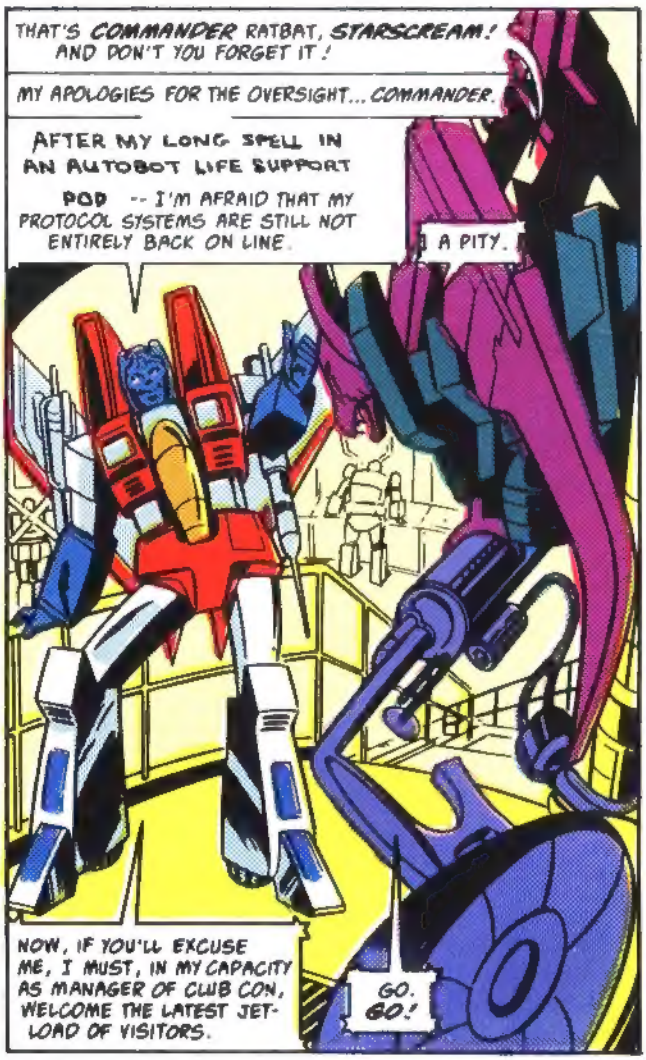
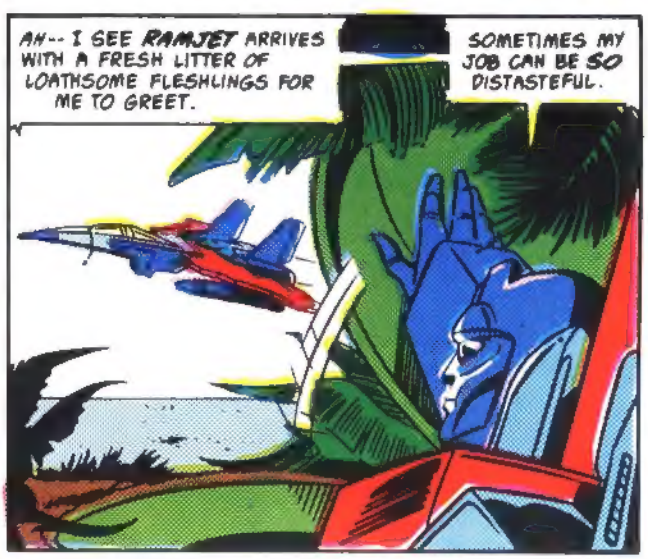
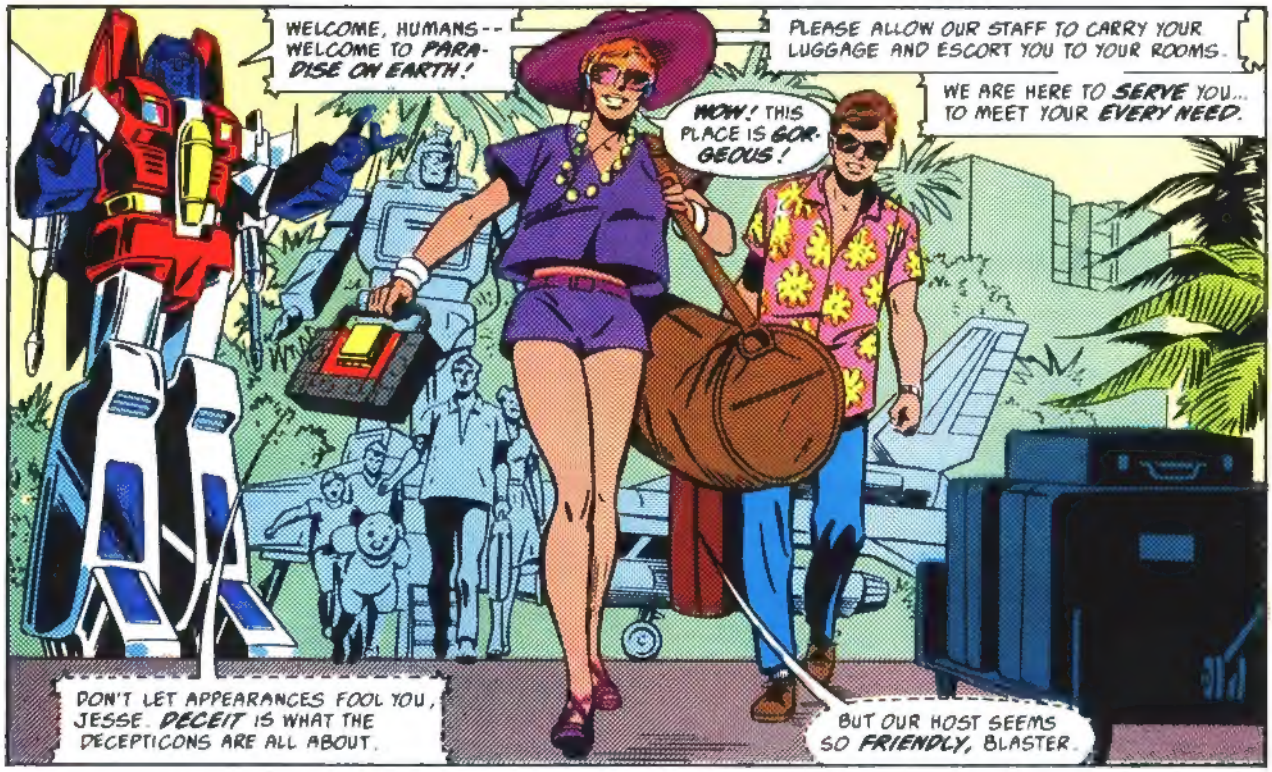

TWO DAYS LATER, AT CLUB CON, THE RENOWNED VACATION GETAWAY FOR HUMANS...

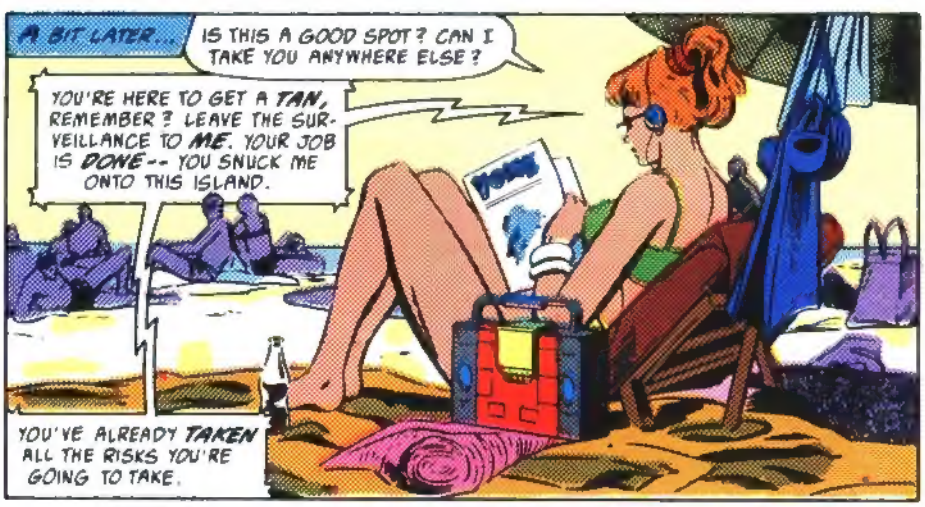

...AND SECRET BASE FOR THE DECEPTICONS...
THIS OPERATION MUST GO WELL! DECEPTICON IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS ITSELF ORDERED IT! ALL THE WAY FROM OUR HOME WORLD OF CYBERTRON!
ITS IMPORTANCE IS BEYOND QUESTION!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, RATBAT.

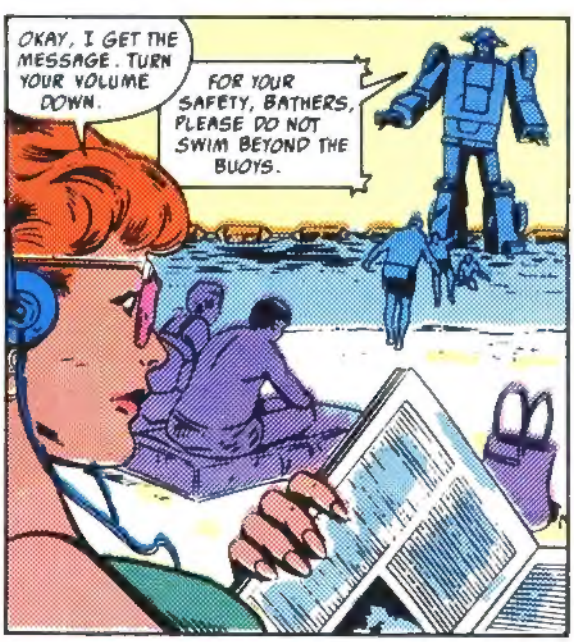

THAT'S COMMANDER RATBAT, STARSCREAM! AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!
MY APOLOGIES FOR THE OVERSIGHT... COMMANDER.
AFTER MY LONG SPELL IN AN AUTOBOT LIFE SUPPORT POD -- I'M AFRAID THAT MY PROTOCOL SYSTEMS ARE STILL NOT ENTIRELY BACK ON LINE.
A PITY.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST, IN MY CAPACITY AS MANAGER OF CLUB CON, WELCOME THE LATEST JET-LOAD OF VISITORS.
GO. GO!


AH-- I SEE RAMJET ARRIVES WITH A FRESH LITTER OF LOATHSOME FLESHLINGS FOR ME TO GREET.
SOMETIMES MY JOB CAN BE SO DISTASTEFUL.

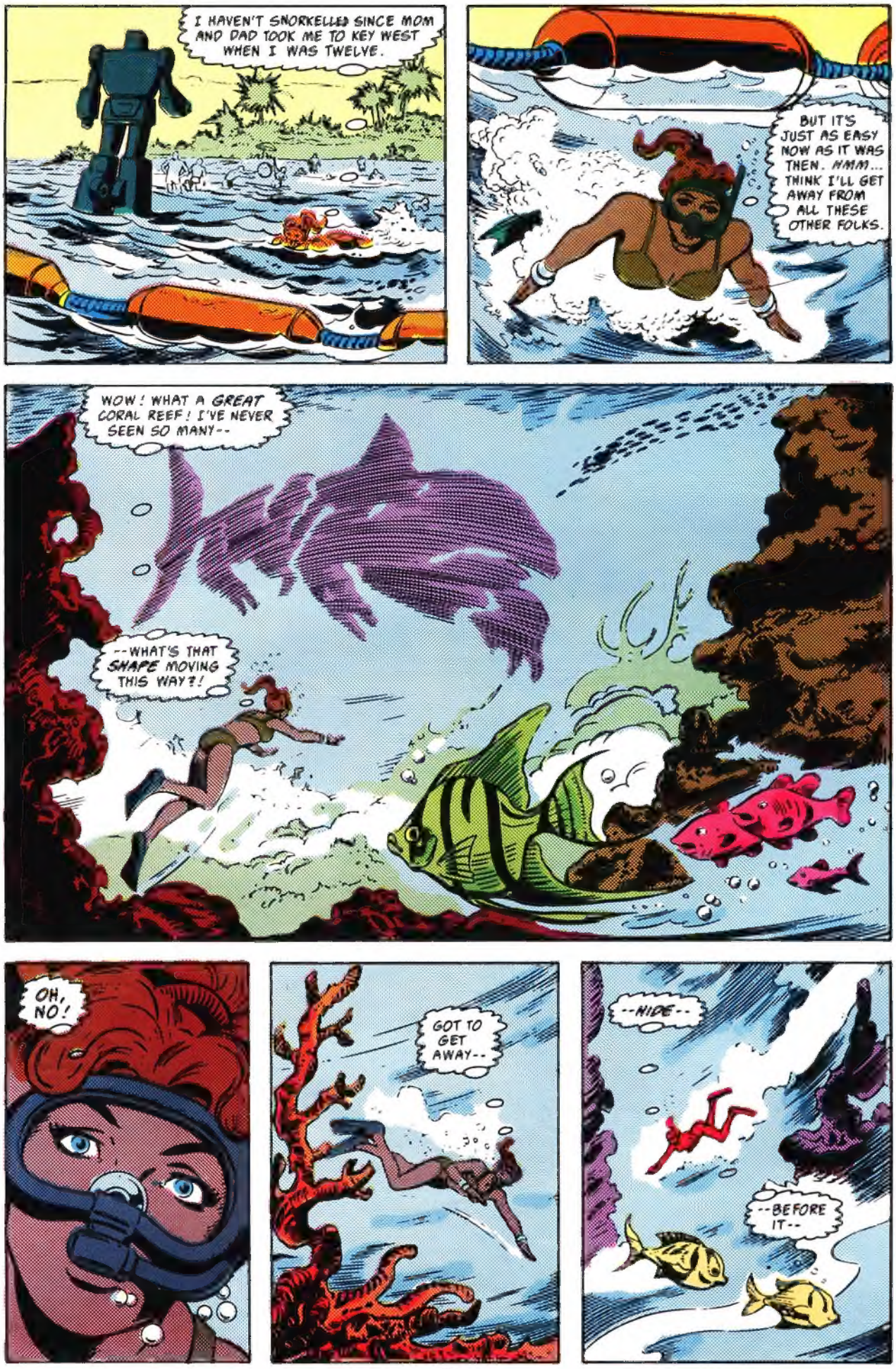

WELCOME, HUMANS -- WELCOME TO PARADISE ON EARTH!
PLEASE ALLOW OUR STAFF TO CARRY YOUR LUGGAGE AND ESCORT YOU TO YOUR ROOMS.
WE ARE HERE TO SERVE YOU... TO MEET YOUR EVERY NEED.
WOW! THIS PLACE IS GORGEOUS!
DON'T LET APPEARANCES FOOL YOU, JESSE. DECEIT IS WHAT THE DECEPTICONS ARE ALL ABOUT.
BUT OUR HOST SEEMS SO FRIENDLY, BLASTER.

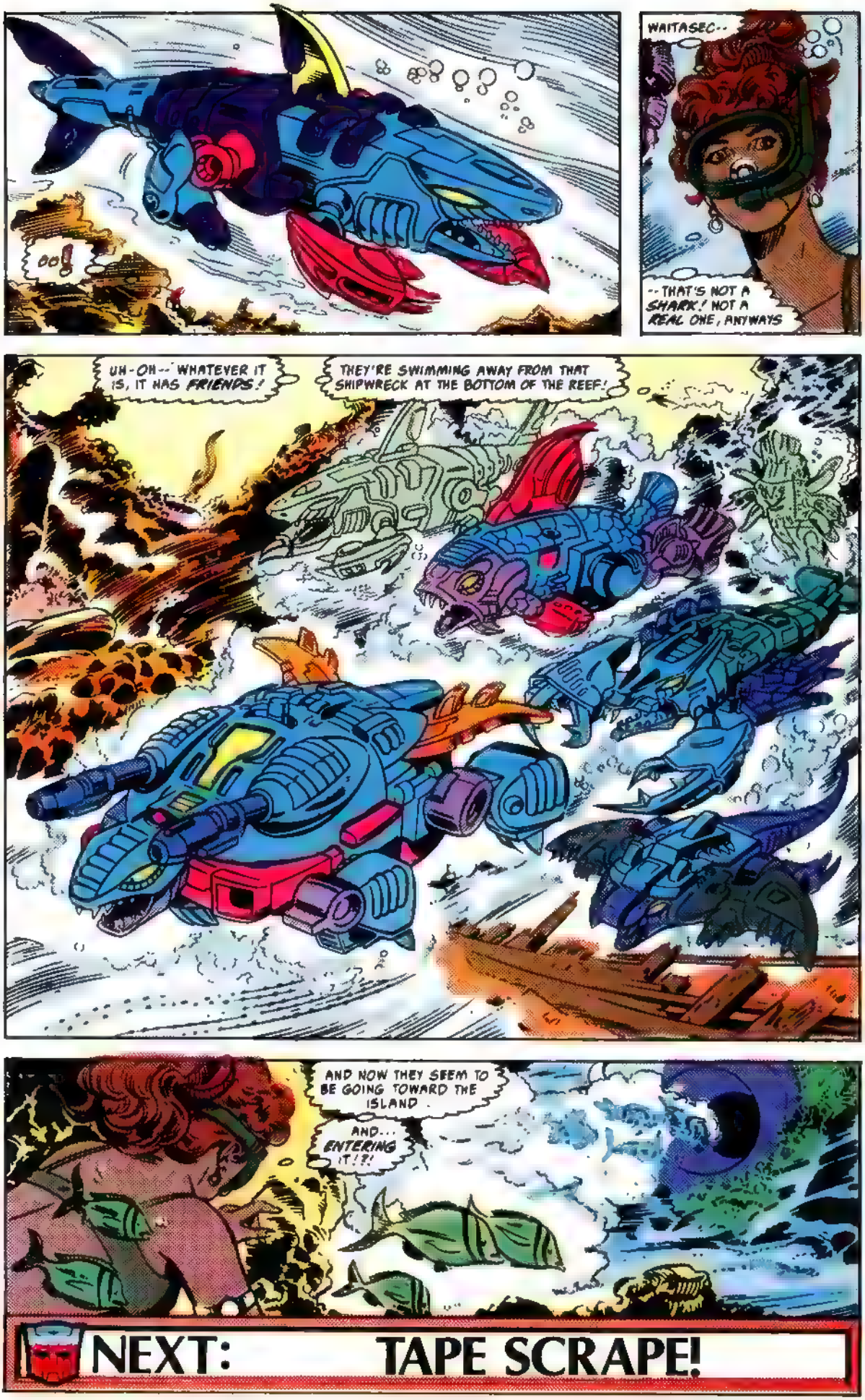
THAT'S STARSCREAM. IN HIS "FRIENDLY" WAY HE'S BECOME ONE OF THE MOST MURDEROUS MECHANICAL BEINGS IN THE GALAXY OVER THE LAST FEW MILLION YEARS.
BUT DON'T LET A LITTLE DETAIL LIKE THAT RUIN YOUR VACATION, SOFT-SKIN.
I-I'LL TRY NOT TO...


A BIT LATER...
IS THIS A GOOD SPOT? CAN I TAKE YOU ANYWHERE ELSE?
YOU'RE HERE TO GET A TAN, REMEMBER? LEAVE THE SURVEILLANCE TO ME. YOUR JOB IS DONE -- YOU SNUCK ME ONTO THIS ISLAND.
YOU'VE ALREADY TAKEN ALL THE RISKS YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE.


OKAY, I GET THE MESSAGE. TURN YOUR VOLUME DOWN.
FOR YOUR SAFETY, BATHERS, PLEASE DO NOT SWIM BEYOND THE BUOYS.

WHERE'RE YOU GOING, SOFT-SKIN?
TO COOL OFF. SEE YA LATER.

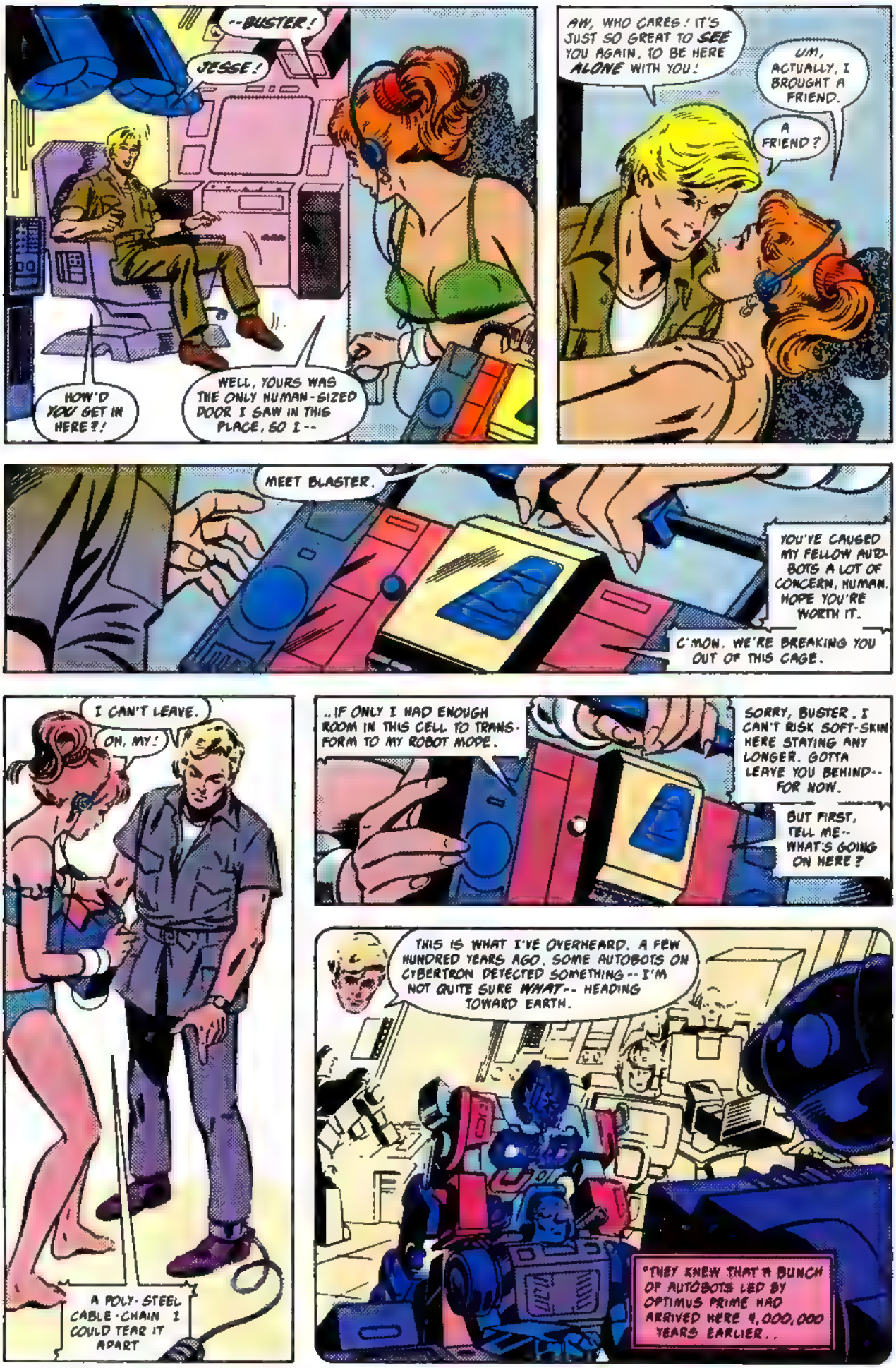

I HAVEN'T SNORKELED SINCE MOM AND DAD TOOK ME TO KEY WEST WHEN I WAS TWELVE.
BUT IT'S JUST AS EASY NOW AS IT WAS THEN. MMM... THINK I'LL GET AWAY FROM ALL THESE OTHER FOLKS.
WOW! WHAT A GREAT CORAL REEF! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY--
--WHAT'S THAT SHAPE MOVING THIS WAY?!
OH, NO!
GOT TO GET AWAY--
--HIDE--
--BEFORE IT--


OOF!
WAITASEC--
--THAT'S NOT A SHARK! NOT A REAL ONE, ANYWAYS
UH-OH-- WHATEVER IT IS, IT HAS FRIENDS!
THEY'RE SWIMMING AWAY FROM THAT SHIPWRECK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE REEF!
AND NOW THEY SEEM TO BE GOING TOWARD THE ISLAND
AND... ENTERING IT!?!
NEXT: TAPE SCRAPE!

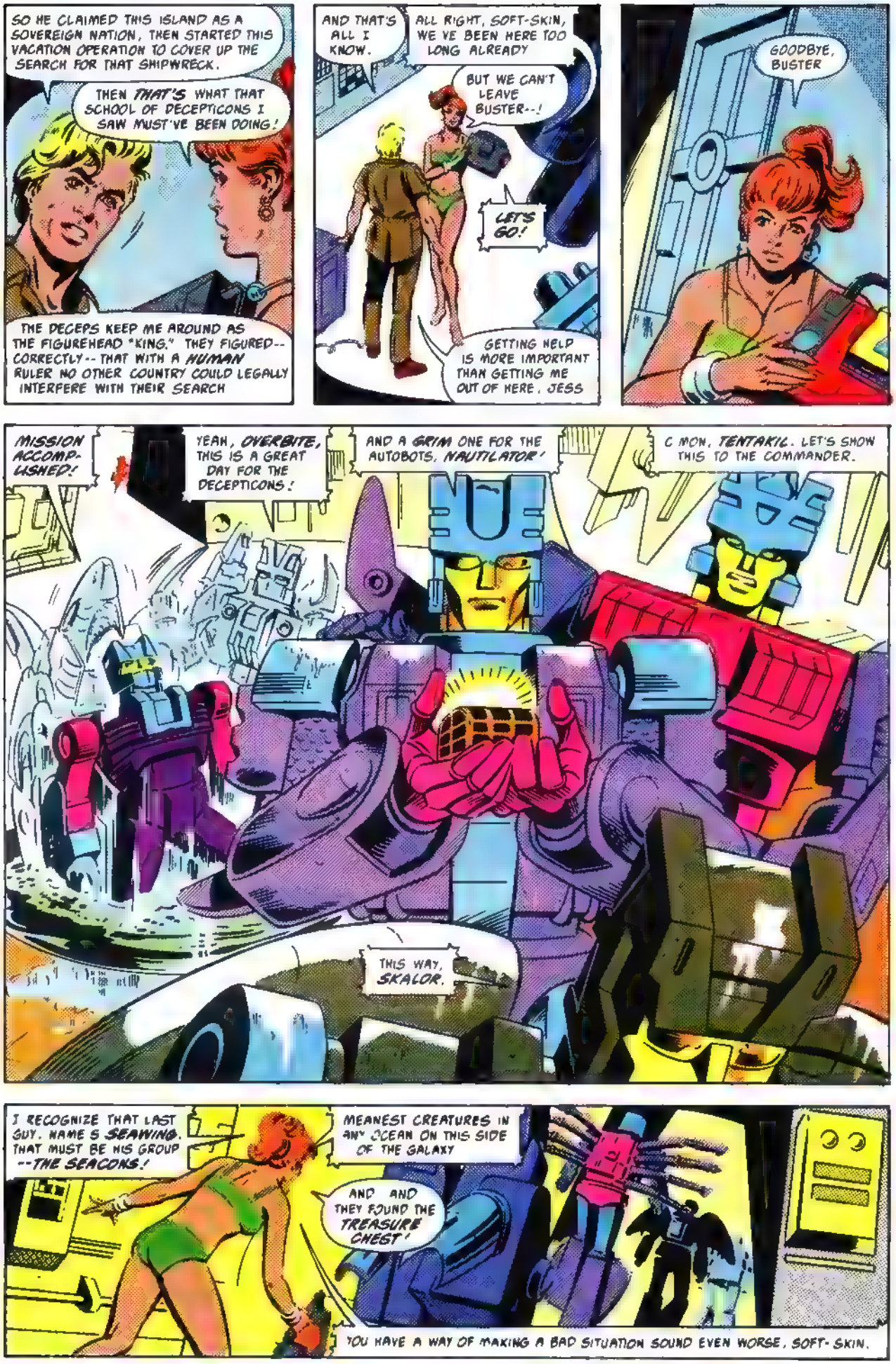
MARVEL
THE TRANSFORMERS™
and
ACTION FORCE™
TAPE SCRAPE

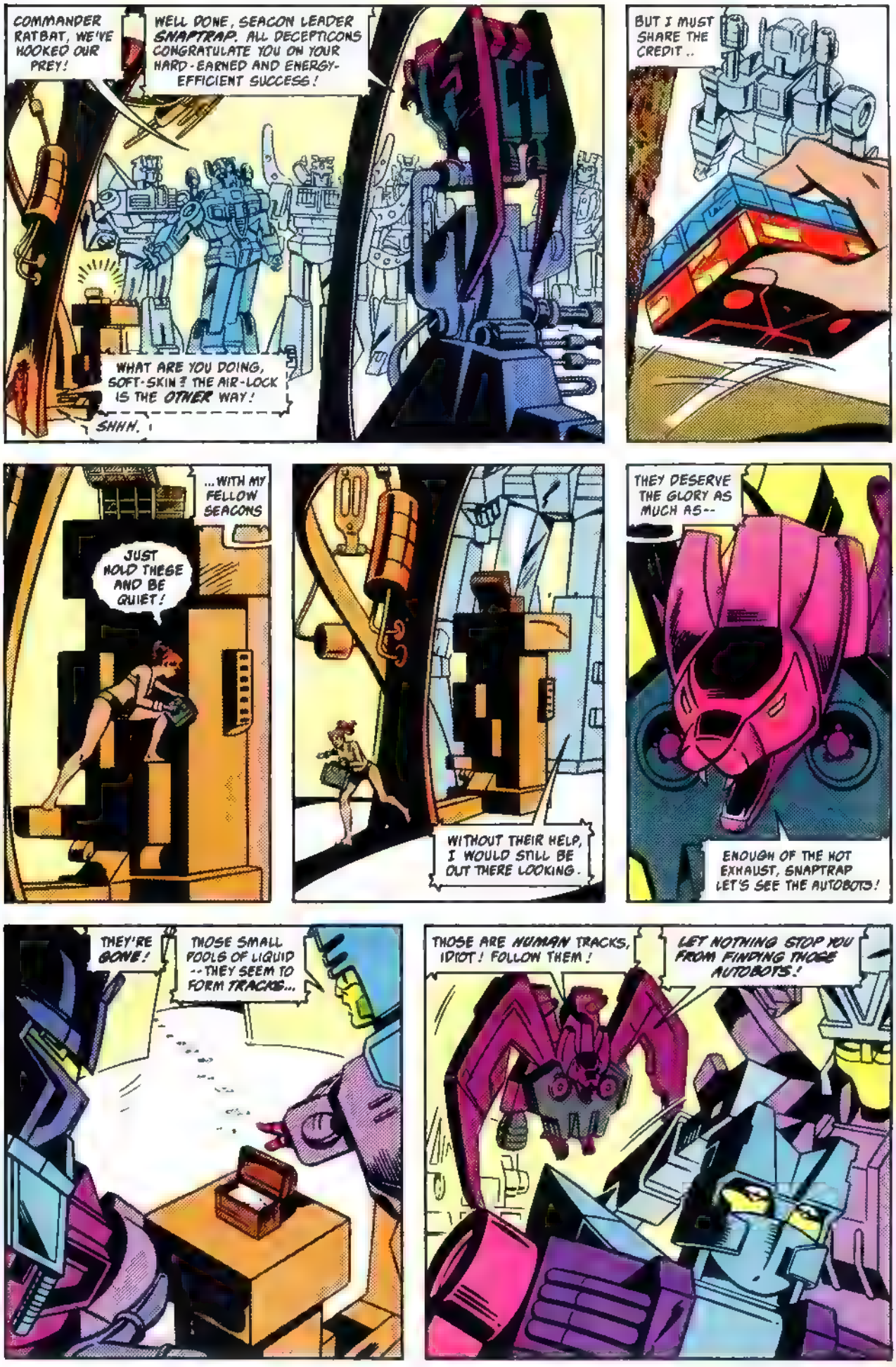
HEY, SOFT SKIN.. YOU'RE SHAKING! WHAT HAPPENED SEE A ROBO-MINNOW DOWN THERE?
WORSE I SAW A WHOLE SCHOOL OF DECEPTICONS
THEY WERE SEARCHING A SHIPWRECK THEN THEY ENTERED THIS ISLAND THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE
MAYBE WE CAN FIND BUSTER IF WE--
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WE ARE NOT DOING ANYTHING!
YOU COULD'VE BLOWN THIS ENTIRE OPERATION-- NOT TO MENTION THE REST OF YOUR BRAINLESS EXISTENCE -- BY SPYING ON THE DECEPTICONS!
BUT BUSTER COULD BE DOWN THERE!
I DON'T CARE IF THE PRIME MATRIX ITSELF IS--
--HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!
PUTTING YOU IN THIS PLASTIC SNORKEL BAG I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GET RUSTY
RUSTY?! WHY WOULD I GET RU-- HEY! PUT ME DOWN!
NOT UNTIL AFTER YOU COOL OFF A LITTLE, TOO
SOON

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SHH
..SO I GEZ TO THE CONSTRUCTICON, "GET YOUR OWN TURBOPLIERS, MICROBRAIN!" HAW HAW!
THAT'S TELLIN' 'IM, VORTEX
THAT MUST BE IT
THAT MUST BE WHAT?
WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING HIM--


--BUSTER!
JESSE!
HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?!
WELL, YOURS WAS THE ONLY HUMAN-SIZED DOOR I SAW IN THIS PLACE. SO I --
AW, WHO CARES! IT'S JUST SO GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TO BE HERE ALONE WITH YOU!
UM, ACTUALLY, I BROUGHT A FRIEND.
A FRIEND?
MEET BLASTER.
YOU'VE CAUSED MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS A LOT OF CONCERN, HUMAN. HOPE YOU'RE WORTH IT.
C'MON. WE'RE BREAKING YOU OUT OF THIS CAGE.
I CAN'T LEAVE.
OH, MY!
A POLY-STEEL CABLE-CHAIN I COULD TEAR IT APART
..IF ONLY I HAD ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS CELL TO TRANSFORM TO MY ROBOT MODE.
SORRY, BUSTER. I CAN'T RISK SOFT-SKIN HERE STAYING ANY LONGER. GOTTA LEAVE YOU BEHIND-- FOR NOW.
BUT FIRST, TELL ME-- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THIS IS WHAT I'VE OVERHEARD. A FEW HUNDRED YEARS AGO, SOME AUTOBOTS ON CYBERTRON DETECTED SOMETHING-- I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT-- HEADING TOWARD EARTH.
"THEY KNEW THAT A BUNCH OF AUTOBOTS LED BY OPTIMUS PRIME HAD ARRIVED HERE 4,000,000 YEARS EARLIER..

"...SO THEY SENT TWO AUTOBOTS--
"--RAINDANCE AND GRANDSLAM--
"--TO EARTH TO WARN OP AND HIS PALS.
"SEEMED LIKE THESE TWO CONTAINED A LOT OF RECORDED DATA ABOUT WHATEVER WAS COMING HERE.
"BUT BEFORE THEY COULD RELAY THIS INFO TO ANYONE, THEIR SPACECRAFT MALFUNCTIONED AS IT ENTERED EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.
"IT CRASH-LANDED.
"THEY WERE DAMAGED AND WOUND UP IN THE TREASURE CHEST OF SOME 19TH CENTURY PIRATES.
"BUT A STORM SANK THEIR SHIP IN THIS AREA.
"THAT'S WHY THE DECEPS MOVED THEIR ISLAND HERE. SEEMS LIKE DECEPTICONS ON CYBERTRON FINALLY TRACKED DOWN THESE TWO AUTOBOTS AND ORDERED RATBAT TO FIND THEM."


SO HE CLAIMED THIS ISLAND AS A SOVEREIGN NATION, THEN STARTED THIS VACATION OPERATION TO COVER UP THE SEARCH FOR THAT SHIPWRECK.
THEN THAT'S WHAT THAT SCHOOL OF DECEPTICONS I SAW MUST'VE BEEN DOING!
THE DECEPS KEEP ME AROUND AS THE FIGUREHEAD "KING." THEY FIGURED-- CORRECTLY-- THAT WITH A HUMAN RULER NO OTHER COUNTRY COULD LEGALLY INTERFERE WITH THEIR SEARCH
AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
ALL RIGHT, SOFT-SKIN, WE'VE BEEN HERE TOO LONG ALREADY
BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE BUSTER--!
LET'S GO!
GETTING HELP IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN GETTING ME OUT OF HERE, JESS
GOODBYE, BUSTER
MISSION ACCOMP-LISHED!
YEAH, OVERBITE, THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR THE DECEPTICONS!
AND A GRIM ONE FOR THE AUTOBOTS, NAUTILATOR!
C'MON, TENTAKIL. LET'S SHOW THIS TO THE COMMANDER.
THIS WAY, SKALOR.
I RECOGNIZE THAT LAST GUY. NAME'S SEAWING. THAT MUST BE HIS GROUP --THE SEACONS!
MEANEST CREATURES IN ANY OCEAN ON THIS SIDE OF THE GALAXY
AND AND THEY FOUND THE TREASURE CHEST!
YOU HAVE A WAY OF MAKING A BAD SITUATION SOUND EVEN WORSE, SOFT-SKIN.


COMMANDER RATBAT, WE'VE HOOKED OUR PREY!
WELL DONE, SEACON LEADER SNAPTRAP. ALL DECEPTICONS CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR HARD-EARNED AND ENERGY-EFFICIENT SUCCESS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SOFT-SKIN? THE AIR-LOCK IS THE OTHER WAY!
SHHH.
BUT I MUST SHARE THE CREDIT..
...WITH MY FELLOW SEACONS
JUST HOLD THESE AND BE QUIET!
WITHOUT THEIR HELP, I WOULD STILL BE OUT THERE LOOKING.
THEY DESERVE THE GLORY AS MUCH AS--
ENOUGH OF THE HOT EXHAUST, SNAPTRAP LET'S SEE THE AUTOBOTS!
THEY'RE GONE!
THOSE SMALL POOLS OF LIQUID --THEY SEEM TO FORM TRACKS...
THOSE ARE HUMAN TRACKS, IDIOT! FOLLOW THEM!
LET NOTHING STOP YOU FROM FINDING THOSE AUTOBOTS!

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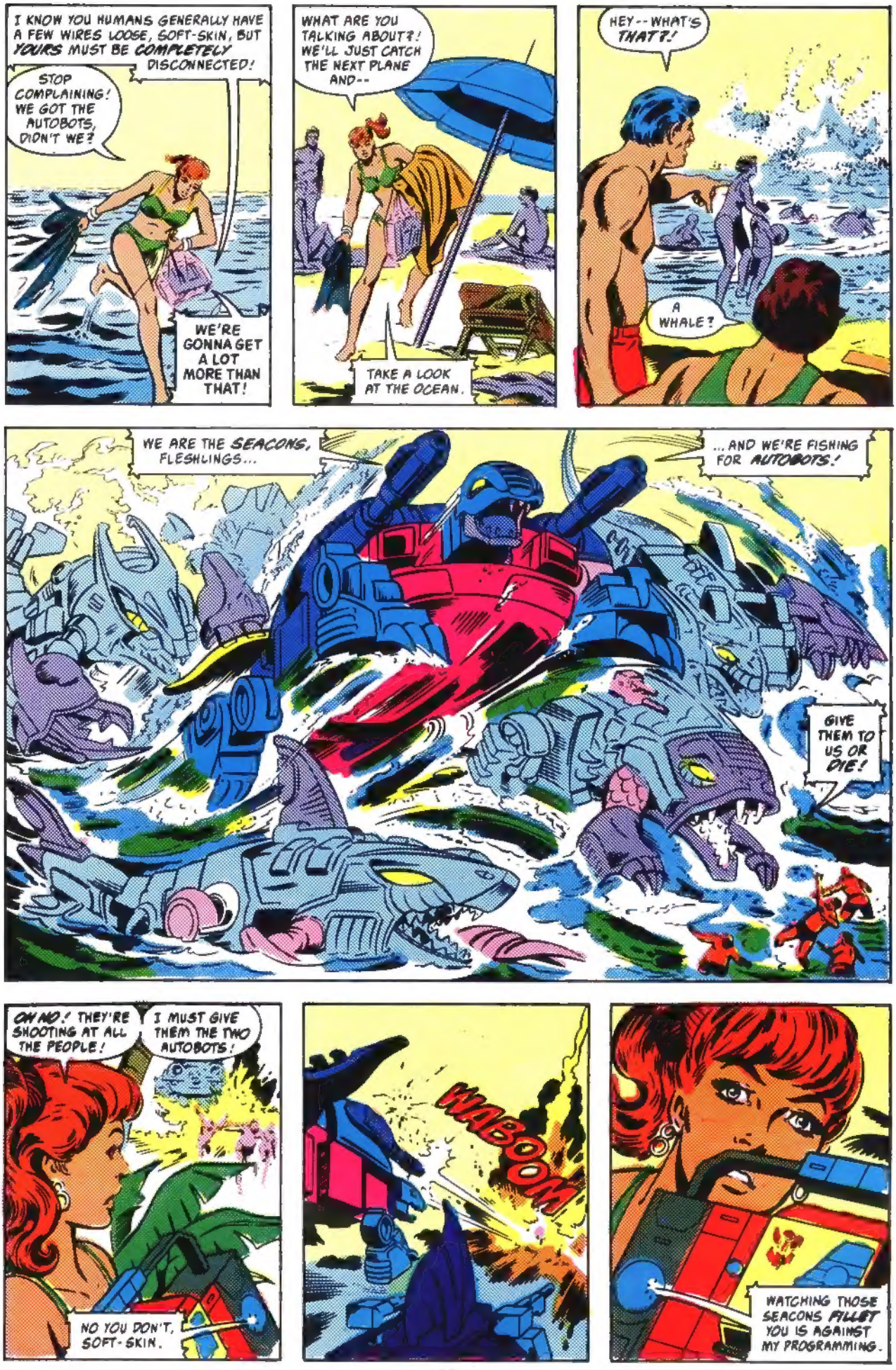
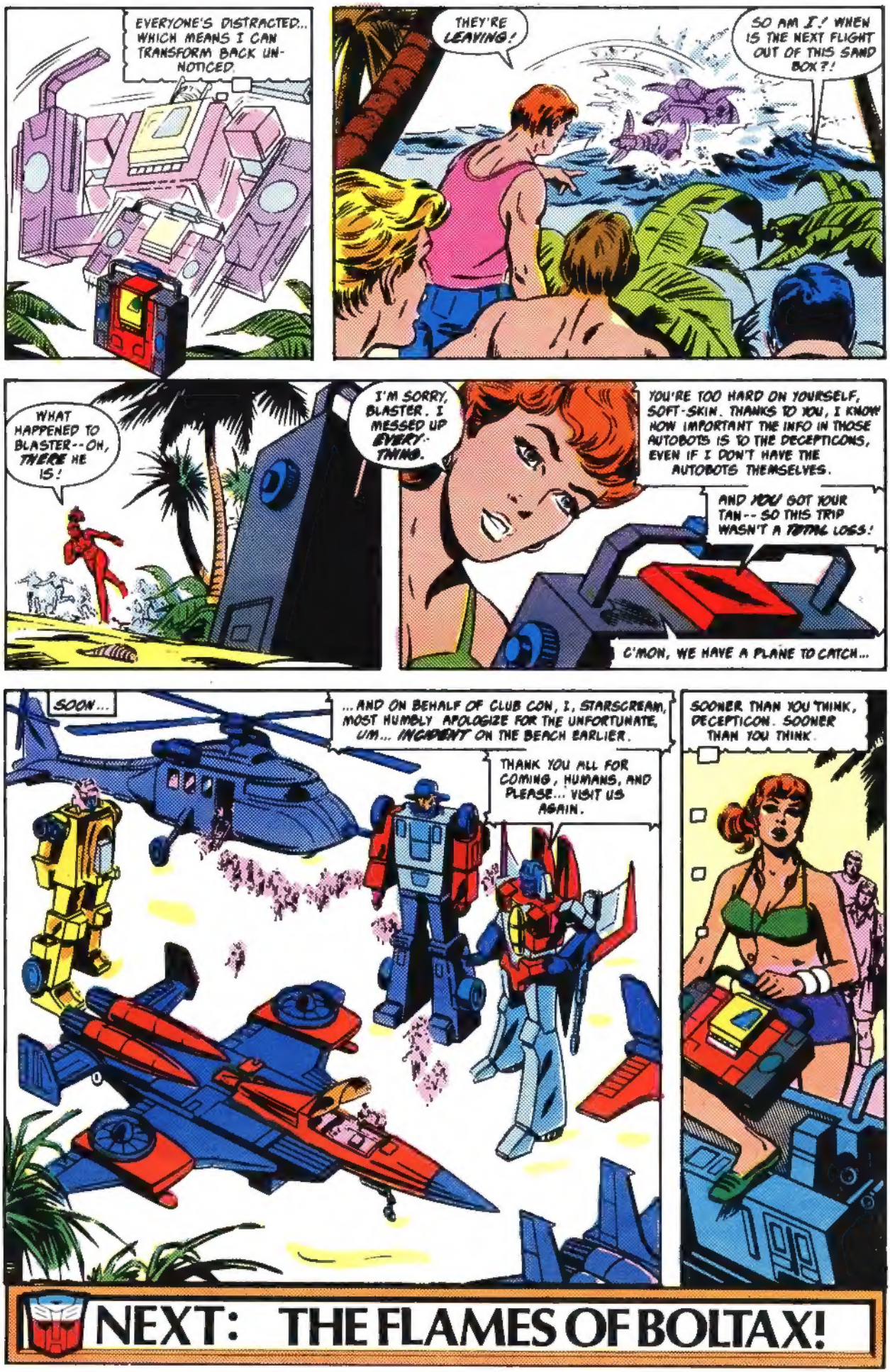

I KNOW YOU HUMANS GENERALLY HAVE A FEW WIRES LOOSE, SOFT-SKIN, BUT YOURS MUST BE COMPLETELY DISCONNECTED!
STOP COMPLAINING! WE GOT THE AUTOBOTS, DIDN'T WE?
WE'RE GONNA GET A LOT MORE THAN THAT!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! WE'LL JUST CATCH THE NEXT PLANE AND--
TAKE A LOOK AT THE OCEAN.
HEY--WHAT'S THAT?!
A WHALE?
WE ARE THE SEACONS, FLESHLINGS...
...AND WE'RE FISHING FOR AUTOBOTS!
GIVE THEM TO US OR DIE!
OH NO! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ALL THE PEOPLE!
I MUST GIVE THEM THE TWO AUTOBOTS!
NO YOU DON'T, SOFT-SKIN.
WABOOM
WATCHING THOSE SEACONS FILLET YOU IS AGAINST MY PROGRAMMING.

SO I GUESS I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING INSTEAD!
SIX AGAINST ONE. THE ODDS AREN'T TOO BAD-- FOR THEM!
HEY, SEACONS! TRY SHOOTING AT SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
I HOPE THIS DISTRACTION GIVES ALL THE HUMANS THE CHANCE TO FIND COVER!
AUTOBOT RUST-DROPPINGS! WE'LL ATOMIZE YOU!
FIRST YOU HAVE TO HIT ME, SNAPTRAP!
PKOW
I BET YOUR AIM ISN'T AS GOOD ON THE LAND AS IT IS IN THE OCEAN!
BWAM
WHY SHOOT YOU WHEN I CAN CRUSH YOU IN MY JAWS?!
YAAGH!!
BZAP
HOW ABOUT A TASTE OF MY ELECTRO-SCRAMBLER INSTEAD, SEAWING?
JOEY! COME BACK HERE!
TOY MOMMY!

HEY, MINI-HUMAN-- BEAT IT!
BIG TOY!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
BIG ROBOT TOY!
LISTEN, THIS ISN'T A GAME, THIS IS--
--UNGH!
BLAM
BLASTER!
OHH... THAT SMARTS.
AND THIS ONE WILL DISINTEGRATE, AUTOBOT!
CAN'T CONTINUE FIGHTING WITH ALL THESE HUMANS AROUND! EITHER THEY'LL DIE OR I WILL! SO--
PTOO
THE FOOL SPIT THE AUTOBOTS INTO THE WATER!
SEACONS DIVE!


EVERYONE'S DISTRACTED... WHICH MEANS I CAN TRANSFORM BACK UNNOTICED.
THEY'RE LEAVING!
SO AM I.! WHEN IS THE NEXT FLIGHT OUT OF THIS SAND BOX?!
WHAT HAPPENED TO BLASTER--OH, THERE HE IS!
I'M SORRY, BLASTER. I MESSED UP EVERYTHING.
YOU'RE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF, SOFT-SKIN. THANKS TO YOU, I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THE INFO IN THOSE AUTOBOTS IS TO THE DECEPTICONS, EVEN IF I DON'T HAVE THE AUTOBOTS THEMSELVES.
AND YOU GOT YOUR TAN--SO THIS TRIP WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS!
C'MON, WE HAVE A PLANE TO CATCH...
SOON...
...AND ON BEHALF OF CLUB CON, I, STARSCREAM, MOST HUMBLY APOLOGIZE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE, UM... INCIDENT ON THE BEACH EARLIER.
THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING, HUMANS, AND PLEASE... VISIT US AGAIN.
SOONER THAN YOU THINK, DECEPTICON. SOONER THAN YOU THINK.
NEXT: THE FLAMES OF BOLTAX!